THE TOUCH OF NATURE

BY MYRA KELLY, AUTHOR OF "A LITTLE MATTER OF REAL ESTATE," ETC.

"THERE is," wrote the authorities with a rare enthusiasm, "no greater power for the mental, moral, and physical uplifting of the Child than a knowledge and an appreciation of the Beauties of Nature. It is the duty and the privilege of the teacher to bring this elevating influence into the lives of the children for whom she is responsible."

There are not many of the Beauties of Nature to be found on the lower East Side of New York and Miss Bailey, who was responsible for fifty-eight of the little children of that district, found this portion of her duty full of difficulty. Excursions were out of the question, and she soon found that specimens conveyed but crudely erroneous ideas to the minds of her little people. She was growing discouraged at the halting progress of the First Reader Class in Natural Science when, early in October, the Principal ushered into Room 18 Miss Eudora Langdon, Lecturer on Biology and Nature Study in a Western university, a shining light in the world of education, and an orator in her own conceit.

"I've brought Miss Langdon to you, Miss Bailey," said the Principal when the introductions had been accomplished, "because she is interested in the questions which are troubling you. I shall leave her with you for a short time. She would like to speak to the children if you have no objection."

"Surely none," replied Miss Bailey; and when the Principal had retired to interview parents and book agents, she went on: "I find it difficult to make Nature Study at all real to the children. They regard it all as fairy-lore."

"Ah, yes," the visitor admitted; "it does require some skill. You should appeal to their sense of the beautiful."

"But I greatly fear," said Teacher sadly, "that the poor babies know very little about beauty."

"Then develop the ideal," cried Miss Langdon, and the eyes behind her glasses shone with zeal. "Begin this very day. Should you like me to open up the topic?"

"If you will be so very good," said Teacher, with some covert amusement, and Miss Langdon, laying her note-book on the desk, turned to address the class. Immediately Nathan Spiderwitz, always on the alert for bad news, started a rumor which spread from desk to desk—"Miss Bailey could to be goin' away. This could be a new teacher."

"Children," Miss Eudora began, with deliberate and heavy coyness; "I'm so fond of little children! I've always loved children. That's why your kind Principal brought me here to talk to you. Now, wasn't that good of him?"

At this confirmation of their fears the First Reader Class showed so moderate a joy that Miss Langdon hurried on: "And what would you like me to tell you about?"

"Lions," said Patrick Brennan promptly. "Big hairy lions with teeth."

The visitor paused almost blankly while the children brightened. Miss Bailey struggled with a rebellious laugh, but Miss Langdon recovered quickly.

"I shall tell you," she began serenely, "about beauty. Beauty is one of the greatest things in the world. Beauty makes us strong. Beauty makes us happy. I want you all to think—think hard—and tell me what we can do to make our lives more beautiful."

Fifty-eight pairs of troubled eyes sought inspiration in the face of the rightful sovereign. Fifty-eight little minds wrestled dumbly.

"Well, I suppose I must help you," said Miss Eudora with elephantine sprightliness. "Now, children, in the first place, you must always read beautiful books; then, always look at beautiful things; and lastly, always think beautiful thoughts."

"Miss Langdon," Teacher gently interposed, "these children cannot read very much—twenty-five words perhaps—and for the majority of them, poor little things, this school-room is the prettiest place in the world."

"Oh, that's all right. My text is right there," said the visitor, with a nod towards a tree, the only large one in the district, which was visible through the window. It had not yet lost its leaves, and a shower during the preceding night had left it passably green. Turning to the children, now puzzled into fretful unhappiness, she clasped her hands, closed her eyes in rapture, and proceeded:

"You all know how beauty helps you. How it strengthens you for your work. Why, in the morning when you come to school you see a beautiful thing which cheers you for the whole day. Now, see if you can't tell me what it is."

Another heavy silence followed and Miss Langdon turned again to Teacher.

"Don't you teach them by the Socratic method?" she asked loftily.

"Oh, yes," Miss Bailey replied, and then, with a hospitable desire to make her guest feel quite at home, she added: "But facts must be closely correlated with their thought-content. Their apperceiving basis is not large."

"Ah, yes; of course," said the expert vaguely, but with a new consideration, and then to the waiting class: "Children, the beautiful thing I'm thinking of is green. Can't you think of something green and beautiful which you see every morning?"

Eva Gonorowsky's big brown eyes, fixed solemnly upon Teacher, flamed with sudden inspiration, and Teacher stiffened with an equally sudden fear, for smoothly starched and green was her whole shirt-waist, and carefully tied and green was her neat stock.

Eva whispered jubilantly to Morris Mogilewsky, and another rumor swept the ranks. Intelligence flashed into face after face, and Miss Bailey knew that her fear was not unfounded, for, though Miss Langdon was waving an explanatory arm towards the open window, the gaze of the First Reader Class, bright with appreciation and amusement, was fixed on its now distracted teacher.

"You can see this beautiful green joy sometimes when you are in the street," Miss Langdon ambled on; "but you see it best when you are here."

Three hands shot up into the quiet air.

"And I don't think the children in the other rooms see it as well as you do."

"No ma'an," cried a delighted chorus, and eight more hands were raised. Prompting was reckless now and hands sprang up in all directions.

"No, I don't think they do," Miss Langdon agreed. "I think perhaps that Heaven meant it just for you. Just for the good little boys and girls in this room."

The enthusiasm grew wild and general. Miss Langdon turned a glance of triumph upon Miss Bailey and was somewhat surprised by the very scarlet confusion which she saw.

"It's all in the method," she said with pride, and to the class: "Now, can you tell me the name of this beautiful green thing which makes us all so happy?"

And the answer was a great glad cry: "Teacher's jumper!"

"What!!"

"Teacher's jumper!" shouted the children, as before.

"Miss Bailey, do you understand them?" asked the expert. "What are they saying?"

"Well," Miss Bailey explained, and all her amusement had given place to keen distress; "you see, they did not understand that you were talking of the tree."

"But what are they saying?"

"I can't tell you how sorry I am; but they thought you meant this green shirtwaist of mine."

Miss Langdon sat down suddenly; stared; gasped; and then, as she was a clever woman, she laughed.

"Miss Bailey," she said, "you have a problem here. I wish you all success, but the field seems unpromising. The apperceiving basis is, as you say, very limited."

To the solving of this problem Teacher bent all her energies. Through diligent research she learned that the reading aloud of standard poems has been known to do wonders of mental and moral uplifting. But standard poems are not commonly adapted to minds six years old and of foreign extraction, so that Miss Bailey, though she explained, paraphrased, and commented, hardly flattered herself that the result was satisfactory. In courteous though puzzled silence the First Reader Class listened to enough of the poetry of the ages to have lifted them as high as Heaven. Wordsworth, Longfellow, Browning, or any one who had seen and written of the beauty of bird or growing thing, was pressed into service. And then, one day, Miss Bailey brought her Shelley down and read his "Ode to the Skylark."

"Now, don't you think that's a pretty thing?" she asked. "Did you hear how the lark went singing, bright and clear, up and up and up into the blue sky?"

The children were carefully attentive, as ever, but not responsive. Morris Mogilewsky felt that he alone understood the nature of this story. It was meant to amuse; therefore it was polite that one should be amused.

"Teacher fools," he chuckled. "Larks ain't singin' in skies."

"How do you know?" asked Miss Bailey.

"'Cause we got a lark by our house. It's a from tin lark mit a cover."

"A tin lark! With a cover!" Miss Bailey exclaimed. "Are you sure, dear, that you know what you are talking about?"

"Teacher, yiss ma'an, I know," Morris began deliberately. "My papa, he has a lark. It's a from tin lark mit a cover. Und it's got a handle too. Und my papa he takes it all times on the store for buy a lark a beer."

"Lager beer! Oh, shade of Shelley!" groaned Miss Bailey's spirit, but aloud she only said: "No, my dear, I wasn't reading about lager beer. A lark is a little bird."

"Well," Morris began with renewed confidence, "I know what is a bird. My auntie she had one from long. She says like that, she should give it to me but my mamma she says, 'No, birds is foolishness.' But I know what is a bird. He scups on a stick in a cage."

"So he does," agreed Miss Bailey, rightfully inferring from Morris's expressive pantomime that to "scup" was to swing. "But sometimes he flies up to the sky in the country, as I was reading to you. Were you ever in the country?"

"What country?" asked Morris. "Russia! I come out of Russia."

"No, not Russia. Not any particular country. Just the open country where the flowers grow."

"No ma'an, I ain't seen it," said the child gently. "But I was once to Tompkins Square. On'y it was winter und snow lays on it. I ain't seen no flowers."

"And do none of you know anything about the country?" asked the teacher sadly.

"Oh, yiss ma'an, I know," said Eva Gonorowsky. "The country is the Fresh Air Fund."

"Then you've been there," cried Miss Bailey. "Tell us about it, Eva."

"No ma'an, I ain't seen it," said Eva proudly. "I'm healthy. But a girl on my block she had a sickness und so she goes. She tells me all times how is the country. It's got grass stickin' right up out of it. Grass und flowers! No ma'an, I ain't never seen it: I don't know where is it even, but, ah! it could to be awful pretty!"

"Yes, honey, it is," said Teacher. "Very, very pretty. When I was a little girl I lived in the country."

"All day," asked Morris.

"Yes, all day."

"Und all night?"

"Yes, dear."

"Oh, poor Miss Bailey," crooned Eva, "it could to be an awful sickness what you had."

"No, I was very well. I lived in the country because my father had a house there, and I played all day in the garden."

"Weren't you scared of the lions?" asked Patrick in incredulous admiration.

"We had no lions," Miss Bailey explained apologetically. "But we had rabbits and guinea pigs and a horse and a cow and chickens and ducks and—and——"

"Und eleflints," Morris suggested hopefully.

"No, we had no elephants," Teacher was forced to admit. "But we had a turtle and a monkey."

"Did your papa have a organ?" asked Sadie Gonorowsky. "Organs mit monkeys is stylish for mans."

"Think shame how you says!" cried her cousin Eva reproachfully. "Teacher ain't no Ginney Organs ain't for Sheenies. They ain't for Krishts even. They all, all for Ginneys."

"So's monkeys," said Sadie unabashed. "Und organs mit monkeys is stylish."

The children's deep interest in the animal kingdom gave Miss Bailey the point of departure for which she had been seeking. She abandoned her readings from the poets, and she bought a rabbit and a pair of white mice. The First Reader Class was enchanted. A canary in a glided cage soon hung before the window and "scupped" most energetically, while gold-fish in their bowl swam lazily back and forth. From these living texts, Miss Bailey easily preached care and kindness toward all creatures, and Room 18 came to be an energetic though independent branch of the S. P. C. A.

The most sincere and zealous worker in this new field was Morris Mogilewsky, monitor of the goldfish bowl. Day after day he earned new smiles and commendations from his liege lady by reports of cats and kittens fed and warmed, and of dogs rescued from torment. He was awakened one night by the cries of an outcast cat and followed the sounds to the roof of his tenement, only to find that they came from another roof further down the block. The night was wet and blustering, but Morris was undismayed. He crawled over walls and round chimneys until he reached the cat and dragged her back to safety and refreshment. When, in the early dark of the next morning, Mrs. Mogilewsky discovered that the elements of the family breakfast had been lavished on the wanderer, she showed some natural resentment, but when she understood that such prodigality was encouraged and even rewarded in high places, her wrath was very great.

"So-o-oh, you foolishness like that on the school learns!" she fumed. "Und your teacher she learns you you should like so mit your papa's breakfast und cats make! She is then fine teacher!"

"She's awful nice teacher," cried Morris with hot loyalty. "Awful nice. Sooner you see her you could to be loving mit her too. Ain't you never comin' on the school for see mine teacher?"

"No!" his mother almost shrieked. "No! I seen her on the street once und she looks off to Krishts. I don't need no Krishts. You don't need them neither. They ain't for us. You ain't so big like I could to tell you how they makes mit us in Russia. I don't likes you should hold so much over no Krisht. For us they is devils."

"Teacher ain't no devil," cried Morris, and he would have laid down his loyal life to have been able to add now, as he had some months earlier, "she ain't no Krisht neither," but he knew that his mother had guessed truly. Teacher, with a wonderful absence of shame, had told him that she was a Christian, and he had sworn to protect her secret.

His mother's constant though generally smoldering hostility towards Miss Bailey troubled and puzzled him. In fact, many things were beyond his understanding. Night after night he lay in his corner behind the stove and listened while his father and his father's friends railed against the Christians and the Czar. He had seen strange meetings of grim and intent men, had listened to low and hurried reading of strange threats and mad reviling. And always he gathered that the Christian was a thing unspeakable, unknowable, without truth or heart or trust. A thing to be feared and hated now but, in the glorious future when the God of Israel should be once more mindful of his people, a thing to be triumphed over and trampled on.

Yet each morning Morris waited at the big school door for the smile of a lady's face, the touch of a lady's hand, and each day he learned new gentleness and love, new interests and new wonders under her calm-eyed dominion. And behold, the lady was a Christian and he loved her and she was very good to him!

For his bright service to the cause of nature in the matter of the cat, she had decorated him, not with a button or a garter, though neither would have been inappropriate, but with a ring bearing his initials gorgeously entwined. Then proud and happy was Morris Mogilewsky, and wild was the emulation of the other members of the First Reader Class. Then serious was Teacher's account with a jeweller over in Columbia street and grave her doubts as to Herr Froebel's blessing on the scheme. But the problem was solved. Of all the busy hours in Room 18's crowded day, there was none more happy than that devoted to "Nature Study—Domestic Animals and Home Pets."

And then one morning Morris failed to answer to the roll-call. Never had he been absent since his first day at school, and Miss Bailey was full of uneasiness. Nathan Spiderwitz, Morris's friend and ally, was also missing, but at half past nine he arrived entirely breathless and shockingly untidy.

"Nathan," said Teacher reprovingly, "you are very late."

"Yiss ma'an. I tells you 'scuse," gasped Nathan. "On'y Morris——"

"Where is he?" cried Miss Bailey. "Is there anything the matter with him?"

"Yiss ma'an. He ain't got no more that gold ring what you gives him over that cat."

A murmur of commiseration swept through the room. "Oh, poor Morris!" signed Eva Gonorowsky. "Ain't that fierce! From sure gold rings is awful stylish und they costs whole bunches of money."

"Morris is a silly little boy," said Teacher crossly, for she had been frightened, as it now seemed, to no purpose. "I'll measure his finger for a new ring when he comes in."

"He ain't comin'," said Nathan briefly.

"Not coming to school simply because he lost a ring! Nonsense! Nathan, you just run back to Morris's house and tell him he must come. Tell him I'll give him a new ring and——"

"But he ain't to his house," Nathan objected. "I seen how he goes away."

"Well, then, how did he go away?"

"Teacher, it's like this. Me und Morris we stands by our block when comes the baker's wagon. Und the baker he goes in the groc'ry store to sell bread und his wagon und horse stands by us. Und, say, on the horse's face is something, from leather, so the horse couldn't to eat. He couldn't to open his mouth even. But all times he longs out his neck like he should eat und he looks on me und Morris. So Morris he says: 'Ain't it fierce how that bad man makes mit that horse? Something from leather on the face ain't healthy for horses. I guess I takes it off.'"

"But he didn't, Nathan."

"Yiss ma'an, he takes it off. He says like that: 'You know Teacher says we should make all times what is lovin' mit dogs und cats und horses.' Und say, Teacher, Missis Bailey, that's how you says. He had a ring over it. A from sure gold ring mit his name——"

"But the horse!" Miss Bailey interrupted. "The horse with the muzzle. I remember, dear, what I said, but I hope Morris didn't touch that baker's horse."

"Sure, did he," cried Nathan. "He buttons out that thing what I told you from leather, on the horse's face, und the horse he swallows the golden ring."

"Why, I never heard of such a thing," gasped Miss Bailey. And Nathan explained:

"Morris, he gives the horse a sweet potato und the horse he swallows the golden ring. He swallows it way, way down. Und it was from sure gold——"

"But it must have been very loose or it would never have come off his finger so easily."

"It didn't come off," said Nathan patiently. "The horse he swallows the finger, too—four fingers—und it was from sure gold ring mit his name scratched in on it, what he had off of you, Teacher, for present over that cat."

"Oh, you must be wrong," cried Miss Bailey. "It can't be as bad as you say."

"Yiss ma'an, from sure gold mit——"

"But his hand. Are you sure about his hand?"

"I seen it," said Nathan. "I seen how comes blood on the sidewalk. I seen how comes a great big all of people. I seen how comes Morris's mamma und hollers like a fair theayter. I seen how comes Patrick Brennan's papa—he's a cop—und he makes come the amb'lance. Und sooner the doctor seen how comes blood on the sidewalk he says like this: so Morris bleeds four more inches of blood he don't got no more blood in his body. Say, I seen right into Morris. He's red inside. So-o-oh, the doctor he bangages up his hand und takes him in the amb'lance, und all times his mamma hollers und yells und says mad words on the doctor so he had a mad over her. Und Morris he lays in the amb'lance und cries. Now he's sick."

School dragged heavily that morning for the distressed and powerless Miss Bailey. She thought remorsefully of the trusty armor of timidity which she had, plate by plate, stripped from her favorite, and of the bravery and loving kindness which she had so carefully substituted and which had led the child—Where?

"Nathan," she called as the children were going home, "do you know to what hospital Morris was taken? Did you see the doctor?"

"Sure did I."

"Was he a tall doctor? Had you ever seen him before?"

"No ma'an," answered Nathan with a beautiful directness. "It wasn't your fellow. We ain't seen him from long. But Morris he goes on the Guv-neer Hospital. I ain't never seen the doctor, but I knows the driver und the horse."

Shortly after three o'clock that afternoon Miss Bailey and Doctor Ingraham were standing beside a little bed in Gouverneur Hospital.

"Nathan is a horrible little liar," said the doctor genially. "Morris will be as well as ever in a week or so. The horse stood on his foot and bruised it rather badly, but he has all his fingers and his ring too. Haven't you, old man?"

"Yiss ma'an, yiss sir; I'm got it here," answered the boy, as, with his uninjured hand, he drew up his battered trophy, hung about his neck on a piece of antiseptic gauze. "It's from sure gold und you gives it to me over that cat. But say, Teacher, Missis Bailey, horses ain't like cats."

"No, dear, I know; that was a wicked horse."

"Yiss man'an; I guess you don't know 'bout horses. You says boys should make all times what is loving mit horses, but horses don't make what is lovin' mit boys. Und my mamma she says it's a foolishness you should make what is lovin' mit somethings sooner you don't know somethings is loving mit you. I done it and now I'm got a sickness over it."

"Dear, I know. But it won't be a very long sickness, and I shall come to see you every day to bring you books and candy and to tell you stories."

"Tell me one now!" Morris implored. "Take off your hat so I can put' mine head at your necktie, und then you should tell me that story over, 'Once upon some time when that world was young.'"

It was nearly five o'clock when Miss Bailey gently disengaged herself and set out upon her uptown way. She passed from the hush of the hospital wards and halls into another phase of her accountability. Upon the steps, a woman, wild-eyed and disheveled, was hurling an unintelligible mixture of pleading and abuse upon the stalwart frame of Patrick Brennan's father, the policeman on the beat. The woman tore her hair, wept, and beat her breast, but Mr. Brennan's calm was impassive.

"You can't see him," he remarked. "Didn't they tell you that Thursday was visiting day? Well, and isn't this Choosday? Go home now and shut up."

"Mine Gott, he will die!" wailed the woman.

"Not he," said Mr. Brennan. "Go home now and come back on Thursday. There's no good standing here. And there's no good coming back in half an hour. You'll not see him before Thursday."

The woman fell to wild weeping, and her sympathizing neighbors followed suit. "Ach, mine little boy!" she wailed. "Mine arme little Morris!" And "arme little Morris" the neighbors echoed.

"Morris Mogilewsky?" asked Miss Bailey.

"Yes, ma'am," answered Mr. Brennan with a shrug.

"Yes, ma'am," cried the neighbors in shrill chorus.

"Yes, ma'am," wailed the woman. "Mine Morris. They makes I shouldn't to see him. They takes him here the while he gets killed off of a horse."

"Killed und chawed off of a horse," shrieked the comforting neighbors.

"And are you his mother?" pursued Miss Bailey.

"Yes, ma'am," they all answered as before.

"Very well; I think I can take you to see him. But not if you are going to be noisy."

A stillness as of death settled upon Mrs. Mogilewsky as she sank down at Miss Bailey's feet in dumb appeal. And Constance Bailey saw, in the eyes so like Morris's fixed upon her face, a world of misery which she had surely though innocently wrought.

Dr. Ingraham was summoned and bent to Miss Bailey's will. A few moments later Morris' languid gaze embraced his mother, his teacher and his doctor. The latter found Mrs. Mogilewsky's woe impervious to any soothing. "Chawed off of a horse!" she whimpered. "All the child what I got, chawed off of a horse!"

"Wicked old horse!" ejaculated Teacher.

"Crazy old teacher!" snorted Mrs. Mogilewsky. "Fool old teacher! I sends mine little boy on the school so he could the English write und talk und the numbers learn so he comes—through the years, maybe—American man, und she learns him foolishness over dogs und cats und horses. Crazy, crazy, crazy!"

"Oh, come now. That's rather strong," remonstrated Doctor Ingraham with a quizzical glance at Miss Bailey. Mrs. Mogilewsky wheeled towards her benefactress.

"Do you know Morris's teacher?" she asked eagerly. "Ach, lady, kind lady, tell me where is her house. I like I shall go on her house; for tell her how she makes sickness on my little boy. He lays on the bed over her. I like I should tell her somethings."

"Mrs. Mogilewsky," began Miss Bailey, gently, "there is nothing you could say to her that would make her more sorry than she is. She is broken-hearted already, and if you don't stop talking like that you will make her cry. And then Morris would surely cry, too; shouldn't you, dearie?"

"Teacher, yiss ma'an," quavered Morris.

"You!" groaned Mrs. Mogilewsky. "Be you Morris's teacher? Gott, how I makes mistakes! So you learn him that foolishness extra so he get chawed off of horses."

"Nonsense," interposed the doctor. "Miss Bailey is awfully fond of the child of yours."

"So," said Mrs. Mogilewsky, "you makes mistakes, too. Well, I guess I should excuse you the while you are lovin' mit Morris, und you ain't so awful old, und so you makes mistakes, likes you should on my house come for see me some day. The docter comes, too, maybe. That makes me glad in my heart."

"We shall be delighted," answered Dr. Ingraham, as he led the speechless Miss Bailey away. "Delighted, Mrs. Mogilewsky. It's so good of you to have forgiven her. But, as you say, she is very young. Perhaps she will reform."

"Sometimes," sighed the dispirited Miss Bailey, for the day had been discouraging, and her weariness was great, "sometimes I think I should resign."

"Do," said Dr. Ingraham. "That's a capital idea."

Morris watched their retreating figures wistfully. "Mamma," said he, "you says she could to come in our house on'y you ain't asked her nothings over Krishts."

"Think shame how you says," his mother admonished him. "Mit me that makes no more nothings. Ain't you seen how she is lovin' mit you? Und Morris, mine golden one, I'm always lovin' mit somebody what is lovin' mit you."

MORITURI TE SALUTAMUS.

By Walton W. Battershall.

[In "Fernleigh-Over," part of the private grounds of a summer residence of Cooperstown, N. Y., which lies just below Otsego Lake, and where the Susquehanna River takes its rise, there is a simple mound, marked only with a plain white marble slab bearing these words:

White man, Greeting! We, near whose bones you stand, were Iroquois.
The Wide land which now is yours was ours.
Friendly hands have given back to us enough for a tomb.

This singularly felicitous inscription, written by the Rev. W. W. Lord, D. D., then rector of Christ church, Cooperstown, was designed to mark the burial place of some Iroquois Indians who had fallen fighting with others of their own race. The lines which follow were written by a scholar of rare vision and philosophic discernment, after visiting the mound. It is not often that it is given to the poet, touched by the pathos of such an incident, to lift it into such large and lofty significance!—Henry C. Potter.]

Engraved upon a stone, on a fair mountain
Where, from the bosom of the mountain lake,
The Susquehanna takes its winding way
And feels its first strange hunger for the sea,
I read these words, in which a vanished race
Gives salutation and pathetic thanks
For deathly wound and sepulture.

Alas!
Such meed and recompense to those swart tribes
Who held the marches of the wilderness,
And threw their fealty in the quivering scale
That gave the Saxon empire of the West!

Their shades move on the pictured page of him
Who, on this spot, flung o'er their savagery
The magic of romance. Their stealthy feet
Creep through the enchanted forests of our youth:
But, creeping ever to the eventide,
Where vanish shades of outworn types.

Farewell,
And greeting to yet happier hunting-grounds,
Sons of the twilight, martyrs of the dawn,
Caught in the logic and the thrust of things!

The weak give way that stronger may have room
For sovereign brain and soul to quell the brute.
Thus, in the epic of this earth, harsh rhythms
Are woven, that break the triumph-song with moans
And death-cries. Still rolls the eternal song,
Setting God's theme to grander, sweeter notes,
For us to strike; fighting old savageries
That linger in the twilights of the dawn.

Upon this sculptured stone, memorial
Of sacrificial life, the cosmic rune
I read, the mystic music of the worlds.

—From The Critic.

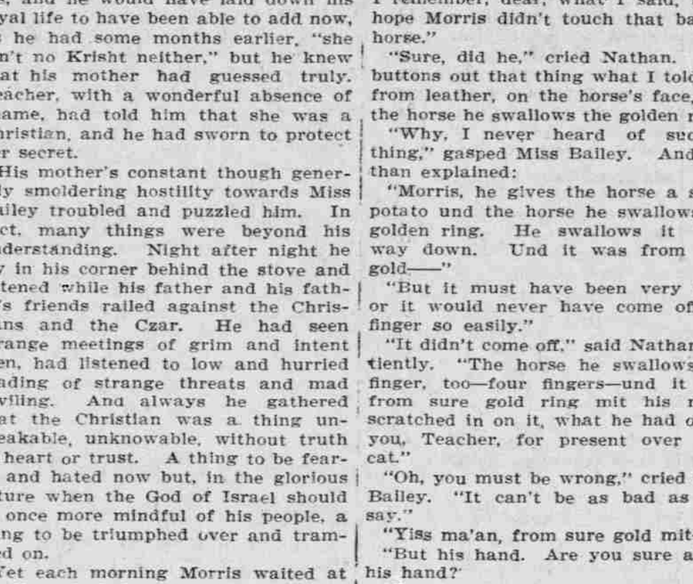
NELSON'S LAST PILLOW.

After the battle of Trafalgar as there were no appliances for embalming the body of Lord Nelson it was placed in a cask, which was then filled with spirits, and the head was suspended inside the cask on a block of oak. On its arrival in England the body was transferred to a leaden coffin, which was then enclosed in a wooden one, said to have been made from the spar of the French ship Orient, destroyed at the battle of the Nile.

When the body was removed from its temporary coffin, and because several of the officers desired to have mementos of their late commander, the wood of the cask and of the oak "pillow" was converted into small snuff boxes, medal boxes and other articles, which were then distributed among the surviving officers. Among these was a young midshipman who afterwards succeeded to the title and estates of the earldom of Egmont, and who as his share received a medal box.

Cope—"I hear your boss expects to raise your salary this month?" Hope—"So he says. But he hasn't succeeded in raising all of last month's yet."—Philadelphia Ledger.

"Pa, what is a model man?" "A model man, my son, is generally a very small sample copy, or facsimile, of a real man, and is usually made of paper."—Smart Set.



SNAPSHOTS IN HADES.

The man who thinks of nothing but his stomach.

—From Life.